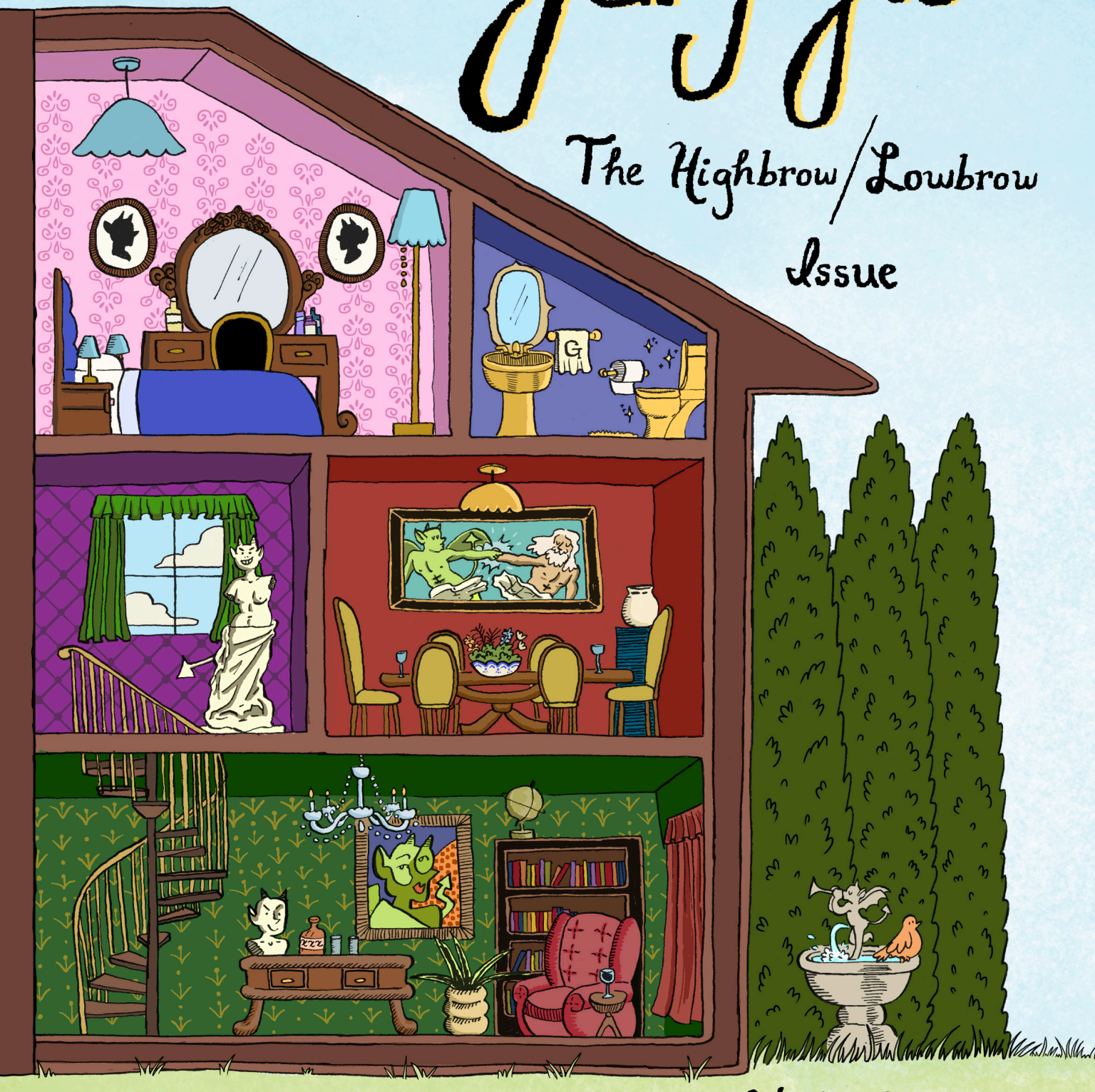
The Gargoyle

The Highbrow/Lowbrow Issue



Winter 2025
Issue 4

Volume CXVI, Number 4 Winter 2025

STAFF

Luke Homans.....birthed on Bloomsday
Ruth Marks.....lost the funny
Annika Smits.....see you never
Charlie Splete.....Comedy Elite
Sabrina Barnes.....thirsting for power

Jacqueline Brace.....Call it macaroni
Adam Krugel.....Hi, I'm Adam!
Trey Norbey.....Straight Liberace
Jamie Simons.....deliverer of frogs and famine

Molly Anderson.....the quintessence of taste
Sam Baumgardner..... you didn't say pwease
Mayee C.....Rachmaninov enthusiast
Georgie Correa.....joined a cult
Madison Dennis.....staring down the barrel of forever
Xolo Hernandez-Herrera.....making John Belushi proud
PingYu Hsu.....THE RICH ARE ALL MORONS!!
Olivia Humphrey.....K.O.
Mia Lambert.....copper? I hardly know her!
Adviti Mishra.....new number... who this??
Charlotte Mulroy.....Maow
Mia Norbey.....switching their major to Garg
Megan Okubo.....Big Jon
Paolo Poquiz.....nasty on the sticks
Lucy Sanders.....fails at social interactions
Bethany Stahlin.....i got that dog in me (it's sleepy)
Sutton Theodore.....dishes now go in the tub

Direct all complaints, comments, submissions, & proclamations to:

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The Western Literary Canon *Revised*

A.K.A. An Updated, Comprehensive List of the Western World's Highest and Most Distinguished Works of Literature

By Molly Anderson

The Showings of Julian of Norwich (14th c.)

In this largely forgotten medieval text, Julian of Norwich takes us through a series of religious visions she has. Her writings have somehow escaped canonization, and I'm going to go out on an extremely short limb—a nub, if you will—and say that I think her status as a woman might have something to do with it. Folks in the Middle Ages didn't fuck with women that much, and folks don't really fuck with us now. Julian's choice of religious vocation and subsequent vow of chastity can be seen as an inspiration for modern women who may also feel that a life of religious contemplation in a sealed-off cell attached to a church is a more appetizing alternative to the horrors of the twenty-first-century.

Carmilla (1872)

What compelled 19th century Irish author Sheridan Le Fanu to pioneer a piece of vampire fiction about a nineteen-year-old girl who is haunted and hunted by a young, irresistible vampire with whom she eventually enters a lesbian relationship? I don't know, but I fervently thank him. One chapter in and I could physically feel the compulsory heterosexuality leaving my body. The only thing wrong with this delicious piece of gothic horror is that it is a mere 67 pages long. I'll take what I can get!

The Elf on the Shelf: A Christmas Tradition (2005)

Moreso an incantation than a children's book, this holiday classic was intended to summon little dolls made of felt into American homes upon its initial release. Now, it has become a means of torment for children whose parents' only source of quality humor is convincing their child that Skippy the Elf has overdosed on "snow"—the only evidence of his existence: his little red body splayed out on the kitchen counter, coated in all-purpose flour. It is a sick joke at worst and a means of culturing your children into better, funnier people at best. A more iconic blockbuster that amassed a cult following seemingly overnight I cannot name.

Dork Diaries: Tales from a Not-So-Fabulous Life (2009)

"Rachel Renee Russell takes her rightful place as the twenty-first century's epistolary legend. In this unfettered portrayal of the teenage experience, Nikki Maxwell is put through the ringer and we just have to watch." - VOGUE

New Moon (2006)

Take your Fifty Shades of Grey and The Notebook and give me Stephanie Myer's romantic masterpiece of concerning age gaps and heinous one-liners. Modern renditions of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet are no match for the Act 5 monologue that Edward recites from the back of a darkened high school English classroom in the film adaptation.

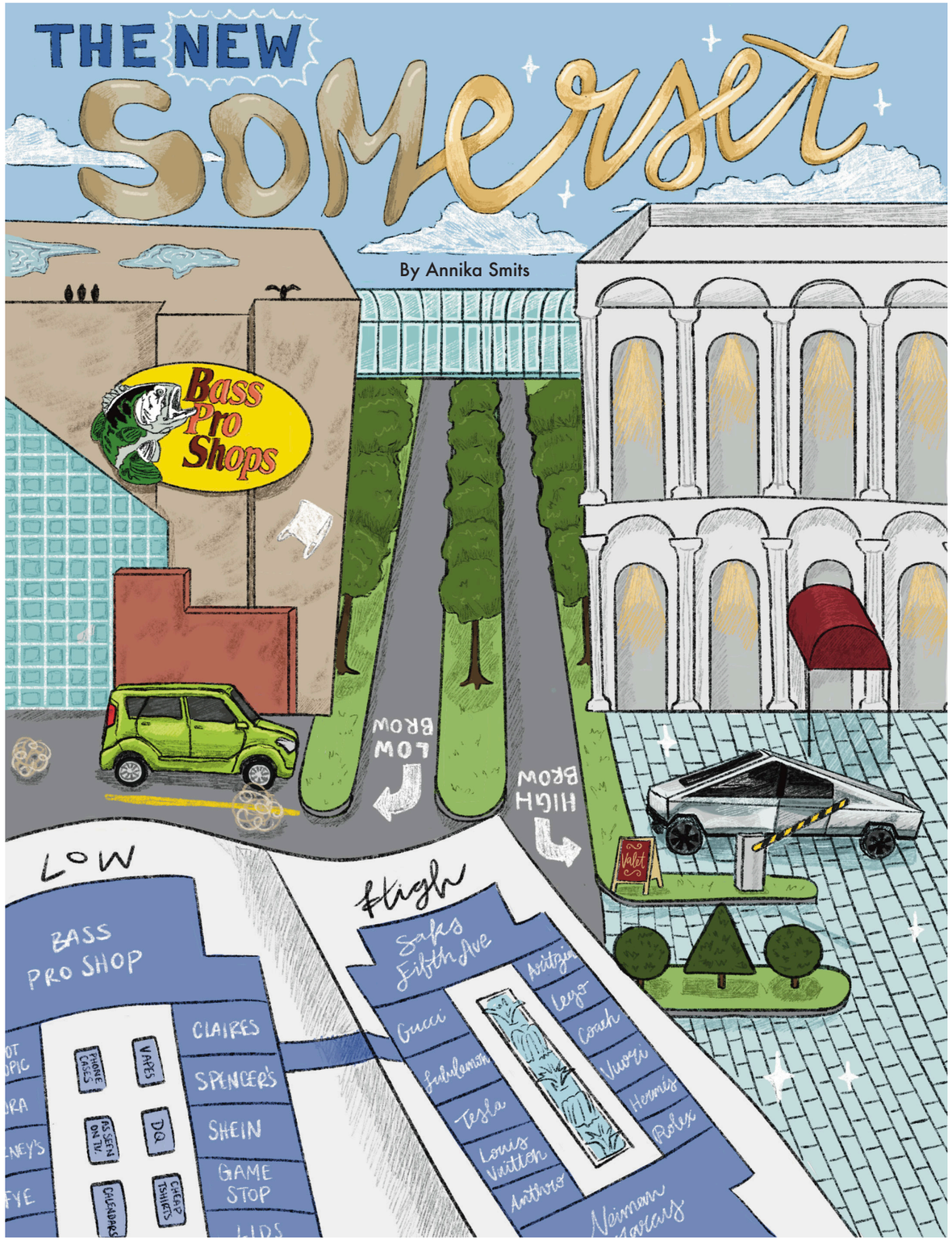
A Court of Thorns and Roses (2015)

What is middle earth to the magical lands of Prythian? Sarah J. Maas has revolutionized the fantasy genre by introducing the modern reader to characters that are not just winged and immortal, but characters that are winged, immortal, and in possession of insatiable sexual appetites. The "injured and dying" have nothing on Rhysand's "growls of pleasure."

Bridge to Terabithia (1977)

"The sunset of my childhood. Fucking shattered me and ruined my relationship with death." - TIME

By Mia Lambert



Shitty Cocktails

Written by Xolo Hernandez-Herrera

Here at the Gargoyle,

we pride ourselves on being a multi-faceted group. While being insanely talented writers and artists, we also have talents that include rehabilitated "Fashion Nova Babes," annoying "Anora" watchers (please Mikey Madison just one chance please please please) and most exciting... mixologists! The Gargoyle has always had a deep appreciation for the art that is flair bartending as well as those "11 bartenders make a *insert drink here*" videos that always appear randomly on our YouTube recommended. We've spent so much time studying this craft; in fact, we have worked tirelessly to create our very own signature drink: the Gargoyle Drool! A mixture of sweet, bitter, salty, musty and milky flavors, it's sure to put any martini or "Josh" branded wine to shame. Serve this at your next "Saturday Night Live: The Best of John Belushi" watch "party"! (Knowing damn well this is just you and some Totino Party Pizzas on a warm Friday evening.)

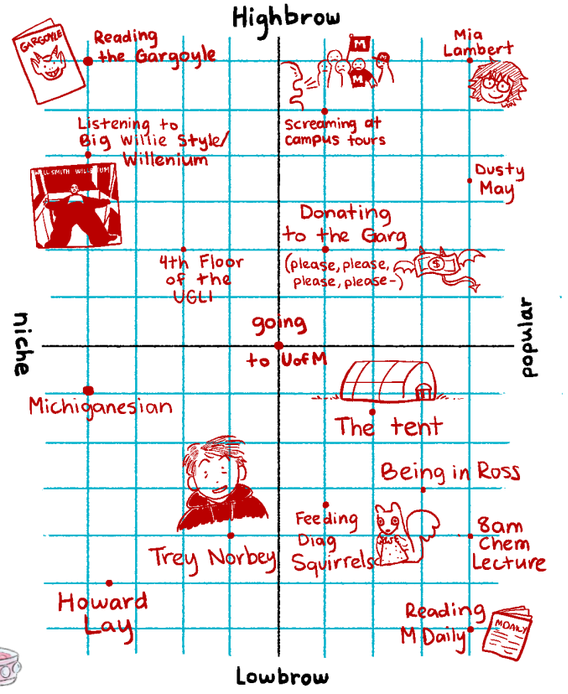
Ingredients

- Enough of Kendall Jenner's 818 tequila to forget her and Bad Bunny's relationship happened.
- 6 dashes of Angostura bitters (the more salty and jealous, the better)
- 0.5 oz. of the tears of a manchild
- Chamoy pickle kit juice (to taste)
- Spit (as much as you can possibly produce)
- Dark chocolate shavings, to garnish

Mixing

1. Just put everything except the dark chocolate inside your shaker.
2. Shake until your heart's content or your arm starts hurting (whichever happens first)
3. Pour into either a martini glass or those sick ass TMNT plastic cups you find at Big Lots for like a dollar
4. Garnish with dark chocolate shavings (pairs well with the spit)
5. Enjoy!

Note: Make sure to sip slowly and loudly!



By Mia Norbey and Georgia Correa

The women come and go Talking of Michelangelo

"-They put the child there because people got mad at the public nudity"

"but why didn't they cover the woman's nude body?"

"probably because the oversexualization of womens' bodies has ingrained them as something to be looked at in society."

"but why grab the child by the thighs?"

"..."

By Charlotte Mulroy

HOW A THEY/THEM SHOULD DRESS

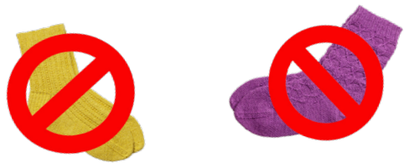
By Paolo Poquiz

- A lady cannot chew gum, and a man can't suck on mints, but a They/Them can freshen their breath by replacing their teeth with sweet tasting rocks!

- While a lady must wear a skirt and a man must wear pants, a They/Them must wrap their legs together in one-ply toilet paper, two-ply on special occasions!

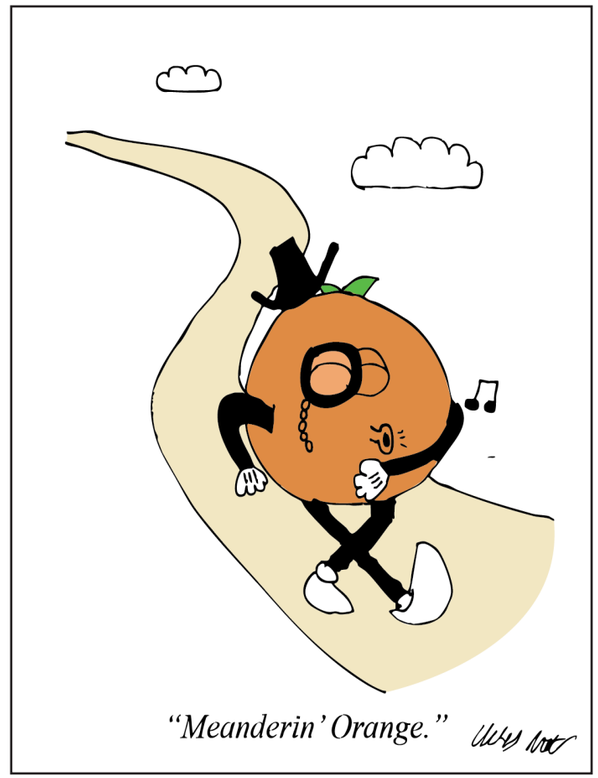
- As an ardent fan of the Second Amendment, a They/Them must always carry at least one handgun on their person (colored non-binary teal, of course!)

- While most genders are at liberty to wear socks, a true They/Them is prohibited from doing so. Don't even try. We'll find you!



- Heels are strictly women's wear, but a They/Them does have permission to wear reverse-heels (tall ass soles on the toe box). We recommend that They/Thems extensively practice their waddling!

- A They/Them announces their identity in a comedy magazine article they didn't expect to be writing for, no exceptions.



By Charlie Splete

Introducing...Extra Slutty Olive Oil

Written by Bethany Stahlin Illustrated by Megan Okubo

Is the extra-virgin olive oil you find in stores not dirty enough for you?

Do you wish you could call your olive oil a bad girl as you doused a hot pan in it to make some chicken thighs?

Do you wish fleshlights came pre-lubed with an Ancient Grecian vibe?

Well, do we have the product for you! Introducing Extra Slutty Olive Oil—from the makers of Skanky Wench Seed Oil and Cunty Cinky Coconut Oil. She comes with the perfect body (no thigh gap? Yes please!) in three different sizes: bikini ready, Midsize Mami, and Exxxtra thick and juicy. Each bottle comes with an attachable fleshlight for easy fucking purposes! Just attach it to the dirty, dirty pouring spout and feel that ancient vibe while you think about fucking twinks. With every masturbation into her sweet nectar, her flavor gets even better! If you order now, we'll include a small flogger and whip so you can teach her a lesson for being such a bad discord kitten.

The Sommelier's Guide to Recreational Pharmaceuticals

By Adviti Mishra

COCAINE – Nasal Nasdaq

Opening notes: This Colombian delicacy opens with drunk-girls-in-frat-bathrooms loquaciousness and finance-bro-who-definitely-did-not-get-an-internship-at-Goldman-Sachs-through-daddy's-money hubris.

Mid notes: "Is that my finance guy talking to the SEC investigator looking my way?" paranoia.

Finishing notes: Effects evaporate faster than your moral compass on getting into Ross, your bank account flatlines quicker than your career progression. The comedown surfaces existential dread that even your "I-can-fix-you" RC girlfriend can't fix.

Recommendations: Elites maintain surgically-optimized nostrils with biweekly hair follicle extractions to maximize particulate velocity. Ditch the Franklin for a diamond-studded inhalation apparatus for $69 K. All proceeds (minus our tiny cut – yay, capitalism) go to the "Colombian Youth Farming Alternative Initiative" giving children options beyond cocaine cultivation.

ADDERALL – Hocus Focus

Opening notes: Opens with hyper-focus unseen since that one week in 2020 when you believed Chloe Ting's ab challenge would fundamentally transform you while your dirty dishes bore viruses that scared away the Coronavirus.

Mid notes: Evolves into drafting a 500-word reply to next week's Canvas discussion while running out of time for the one due tonight because you spent too much time color-coding a schedule you will forget about post-pill.

Finishing notes: Concludes with holy-shit-have-my-teeth-always-fit-together-this-way sensations, chode-ian blowjob-esque jaw tension, and expertise in topics no one asks or cares about - like how the best way to organize pencils (that you don't even use in class because you spend too much time on chess.com) is by lead density.

Recommendations: Best sourced from the girl whose therapist says she has "like, super, like, bad, like, genuinely bad ADHD" despite maintaining a 4.0 GPA and running three student organizations.

CANNABIS - Thot Pot

Opening notes: Accompanied by a freshman bragging about "edibles" that were just vitamin gummies while yelling "I'm hellla baked" on CBD, not THC, because it sounded cooler.

Mid-notes: Forgetting the most profound thought you swear you had, only remembering it 3 hours later – "... we're all made of cosmic dust" (Robert Boyle, 1961 – something you'd know if you weren't faded through CHEM 125).

Finishing notes: Feigning appreciation (through free samples) of the political significance of Hash Bash, stonersplaning to your out-of-state friends that "it's basically legal here" while nervously scouring for campus security, and lamenting the socioeconomic implications of the gentrified dispensaries that replaced "your guy" on your floor at Markeley.

Recommendations: Exclusive tastings of temperature-controlled specimens, pretending to taste notes of diesel while experiencing the same high as stoners outside 7-11.

DRAKE – CERTIFIED TRACTOR SUPPLY BOY

By Jamie Simons

Genres: Bro-Country, Trap, Nature Recordings

Rating: Light 1

"Certified Tractor Supply Boy," Canadian pop star Drake's newest efforts in finding his footing after his devastating rap beef loss to Kendrick Lamar just last year, finds Drake lacing on a pair of cowboy boots and putting on a 10-gallon hat to please the country music crowd. On the record, we find the usual mix of Drake's vaguely misogynistic lyrics and a plethora of features from both the rap industry and country establishment. For as ambitious as this album makes itself seem to be, Certified Tractor Supply Boy (or, Copy and Paste Drake Album Number 24) is a slog, and Drake is about as good of a country star as Jelly Roll on The Roll's worst days.

The album boasts some astounding lyrics such as: "I can't pay child support for my daughter // I need to buy a John Deere tractor" and "I didn't lose my rap beef to Kendrick Lamar // I'm going to sue you if you say I lost to Kendrick Lamar (Ayo where's my beer at?)." It's a forgettable entry to Drake's catalog all things considered, but if you're a fan of… well, good taste, stay as far away from this barn-fire as you can.

Tracklist:
1. Intro: Fuck Bud Light (feat. Kid Rock)
2. Cowgirl Boots in My Bed (feat. Jelly Roll)
3. $ome $outhern $ongs 4 U (feat. PARTYNEXTDOOR)
4. Kendrick Lamar Is Short
5. She Thinks My Tractor's Sexy 2 (feat. Kenny Chesney)
6. Sellout Garbage for Applebee's Commercials (feat. Walker Hayes)
7. I'm Not Washed (feat. Carrie Underwood & DaBaby)
8. Fuck UMG (feat. Kanye West)
9. This Song Is For Annoying Frat Bros (feat. Post Malone)
10. Fuck Mustard, I Prefer Ketchup On My Hot Dogs (feat. Sexyy Red)
11. Just Raised Some Chicks, IF You Know What I Mean (feat. HARDY & 21 Savage)
12. Vaguely Racist Spanish Song (feat. Morgan Wallen)
13. Cornbread and Whiskey (feat. Luke Bryan)
14. Please Stream This Album!!!! (feat. Camila Cabello)

A Tasteful Michigan

By Mia Norbey

Alright you slobs, listen up. I've been seeing an outstanding lack of culture around campus lately. Half-finished borgs in the street, engineering students doing drugs in the Dude, what's next? Frankly, I think we can do better. So I bring you some humble suggestions that I believe will make campus a bit more refined.

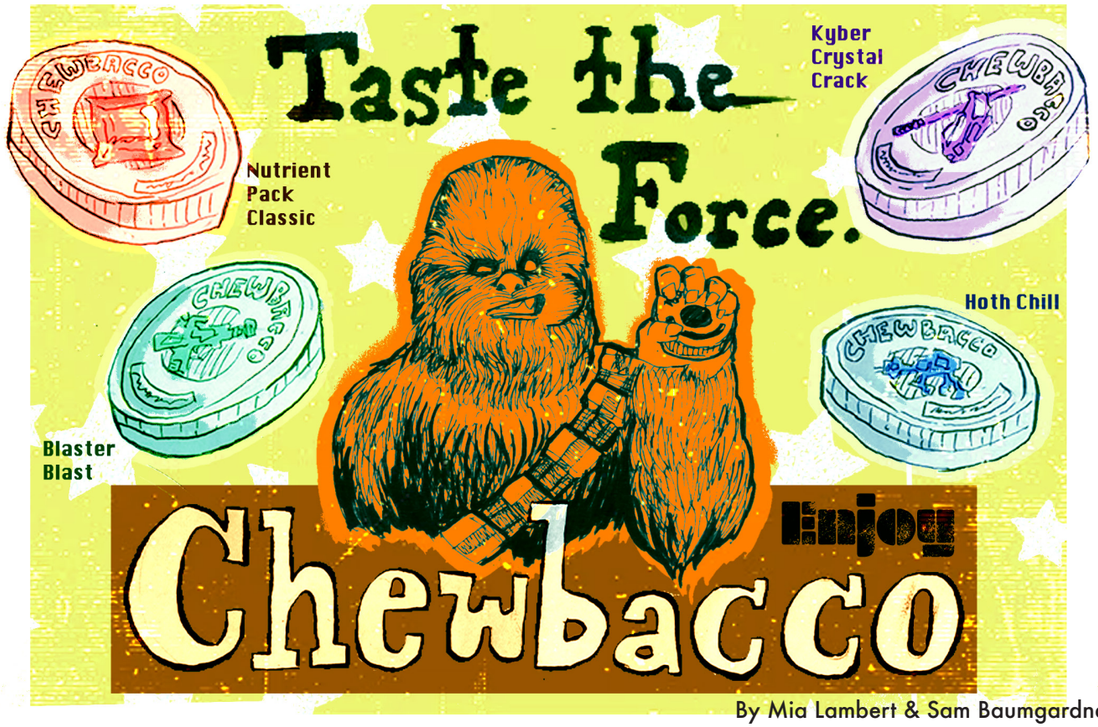
1. Skeeps, Rick's, and Cantina all gotta go. You will now have your pick of smoking lounges – cigars only, you heathens (velvet smoking jackets provided upon entry).
2. The Celsius sponsorship of Michigan is canceled. Students can now pick up a packet of snuff (that old-timey tobacco/scented oil combo the co-op girls ask you to snort) at the LSA Hub.
3. All electric scooters and Boober carts are banned until further notice. We will now have those big crates that men carry you around in. SportsMed majors, if you're looking for resume experience, hit me up.
4. I'm introducing a uniform, and, yes, it will be a three-piece suit. Color options are: Polished Charcoal, Georgian Blue, or Sea Spray from the Northern Isle. There is the option of adding a top hat and monocle.
5. List of approved artists to be played at public functions: Mozart, Bach, Bruno Mars (ONLY on federal holidays), Beethoven, or Debussy.

Sir Davis Warren of QB sporting the new uniform on the field.

Midwest Hangouts

By Luke Homans and Bethany Stahlin

1. **The Walmart parking lot** — *4/5 stars*
   a. Great place to try vaping
2. **Your friend's parents' basement (ideally one with carpeting)** — *4.7/5 stars*
   a. The old couch, crusty white dog, and PS3 come as a package
3. **A mall that's been dead since 2008** — *3/5 stars*
   a. Maybe they even have a Jamba Juice
4. **The Meijer parking lot** — *3.9/5 stars*
   a. Or walk aimlessly around the garden center!
   b. Kind of overhyped and touristy now :(
5. **In your car outside any fast-food establishment open past 8pm** —*5/5 stars*
   a. There's only two (Taco Bell and Culvers), so choose wisely!
6. **Some shitty mini-golf course** — *2/5 stars*
   a. The pond hasn't been cleaned since YouTube was created
7. **The high school parking lot** — *0/5 stars*
   a. Make sure you sit outside the car on the curb so nobody rear-ends you
   b. Horrible vibes, somehow both horny and soul crushingly lonely
8. **A small flat park** — *1/5 stars*
   a. It's small, it's flat, and it's the only public green space in suburbia!
   b. Your prom pictures were taken here
9. **Fly anywhere else** — *1000/5 stars*
   a. The GRR airport is perfect for leaving and never coming back



By Mia Lambert & Sam Baumgardner

fare thee well at once.
The glowworm shows the matin to be near, and 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu.
Remember me.
KING GARG
Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, whiles memory holds a seat in this distracted globe.
Remember thee!
From the table of my memory I'll wipe away all trivial fond records, all saws of books, all forms, all pressures past that youth and observation copied there, and thy commandment alone shall live
within the book and volume of my brain, unmixed with baser matter...
Now to my word, it is "Adieu, adieu. Remember me."
I have sworn't.
— K. Marks

Winter 2025

Home
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Panorama

View Split Screen | Expand Threads

All | Search entries or author... | Newest First

Gargoyle Official — Author

Posted Jan 8 3:31pm

15 Replies, 1 Unread

Advice from graduating seniors:

Adam K.

(don't) do drugs (do not)

Luke H.

It's important to properly budget your time. Eat fifteen meals on Friday night and then sleep for forty hours to bank up all of your energy for the following week. Bears have been succeeding with this method for millions, if not billions of years.

Charlie S.

Do not join a student organization to meet people. Similarly, avoid engaging in silly activities such as watching movies, ice skating, karaoke, or bar trivia with said people. Try not to make friends and lasting memories with these individuals. Finally, do not bring baked goods to meetings of this hypothetical student organization, as their routine delivery will become expected of you. Now do the opposite!

Trey N.

Presuming you've already decided to come here, thus making irrelevant my first piece of advice for navigating college, here are three bits of wisdom that will generally be the most helpful:

1. Befriend the North Campus bridge troll as soon as you can
2. Drink as much chocolate milk as possible (trust me)
3. Take a film class or something for shit's sake. You're not just here to get your stupid ass econ degree so you can make six figures slaving away at Lockheed Martin for the next fifty years–learning is valuable and rewarding in and of itself!

With these simple tricks in your arsenal, you're sure to succeed with flying colors!

Charlotte M.

Don't listen to Trey. Also, if you are alone in your room on a Saturday night and you hear people laughing outside and it makes you sad IT'S OK because experiencing this is the universal college experience I promise :)

Georgie C.

College is about being cool and popular just like in the movies. You should attend as many popularity contests and dance battles as possible. Pro Tip: make fan accounts of yourself so people know you're the shit! Good luck <3

Ruth M.

Four years and sixteen issues at the Gargoyle has taught me more than any so-called "college degree" ever could. How else would I know that qualifications don't matter so long as you show up at the right time? Or that making your own art is awesome and way better than cheap alternatives. Or that everything can be a joke that deserves to be published! All hail print media!!!!

Jamie S.

Word of advice. Avoid the MLB bathrooms at all costs. I wandered into one unfortunate Tuesday morning before my 8AM French class and walked out a homosexual with a full frontal lobotomy. Getting lobotomized in college is more difficult than you can possibly imagine – I can't focus on my creative writing piece anymore. How am I supposed to write about my divorce trauma if I can't even get even speak without drooling anymore?

Ping H.

NYPD two dolla Tuesday, need I say more?

Annika S.

Only join a club when it's at its lowest. The thrill of success and power comes when you save, say a lowly publication for example, from its trenches, rising to the top of the ranks in a mere semester. This mindset can be applied to any campus org, wait until the glee club flubs its performance of Defying Gravity with an ill-pitched riff or when the pre-med frat gets sued for illegal malpractice on student test subjects.

Mayee C.

Attempt to avoid the buses in the first week– they'll have you swipe your MCard each time you get on and off. Once you've collected enough mileage from walking, you'll reach the gold tier where you only have to swipe when you get on. A couple of hundred miles after that, you'll reach the diamond tier where you have exclusive access to Bursley-Baits. A couple of thousand miles later, you will reach the platinum tier, and each bus will have a designated reserved spot for you, bolted with a metal plate. Most seniors don't even reach the platinum tier, and the university honors those who have made the trek at graduation at the Big House.

Sutton T.

Every now and then, I like to play the "yes" game—basically, you agree to everything, whether it's from friends, professors, or even that Sweetwaters barista you've been not-so-subtly making heart eyes at. The result? Your calendar is so overbooked that you no longer have time to panic about your future—because you're too busy fly fishing in the middle of nowhere with a group of strangers you met at a bar. Cheers to life choices!

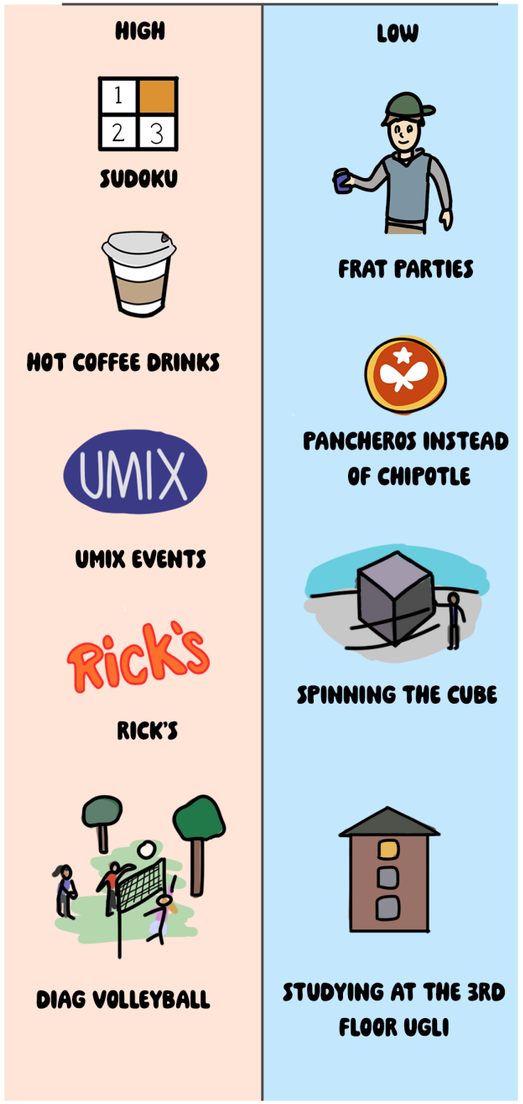
Midwest Strip-Mall Haute Couture

-for debut at Mcdonald's Grand Reopening!!!
K-mart that's been Shut Down for 20 Years
Cowboy-Themed Vape Shop
Church that Clearly Used to be a Pizza Hut

By Paolo Poquiz

HIGH OR? LOW

CAMPUS ACTIVITES EDITION!



i'm typing in a font that i dont think the garg staff know exists (not fucking bubble letters) or how to read. this is a cry for help. i do not know the difference between high and low brow. this chart i made is completely random guesses. this is despite the editors drilling into our heads in military style conditioning where they hit us with machetes made from legos if we don't respond fast enough (they make us build the machetes while spraying us with cat piss). They make us scream that legos are high-brow while striking us.High? Low? Is the line , given it even exists, a conjure of our suffering? don't even see the line anymore. I doubt there ever was one.

By Charlotte Mulroy

Things I Found In My Closet

By Jamie Simons

1. **A sweater I bought from Ragstock that smells like wet dog with three cigarette burns**

I'm sure everyone remembers their first trip to Ragstock. The excitement of browsing through overpriced articles of recycled clothing [citation needed] to find that one $30 t-shirt that will make your outfit complete. I bought this sweater with money I got from my grandma in the mail–she couldn't make it to my grad party since she's still avoiding my mom. This doesn't fit me anymore...do you think the cryptid that lives in the Arb will want this?

2. **My wine glasses !!! (THANK FUCK)**

I've been drinking wine out of plastic cups for the past two years. I can't believe I stowed these away for so long! There's nothing quite like drinking Josh (that's gross Jamie, try Witch's Brew) in an actual glass. It makes me feel like an adult, and it's classy! My wine glasses pair well with the year-old cheese you found in the back of your fridge and some stale crackers from Trader Joe's. They do not pair well with a smoker you met on Grindr as he grinds on top of you. Yikes.

3. **My Alan from Smiling Friends impression – it's really good, I promise**

What the fuck??? I can't believe I forgot how to do this. How do you train your tongue to speak in a different voice, especially one so exaggerated and fictional that it ends up sounding like you? Here's a tip: detach it and teach it jumping jacks. Ignore the blood flowing from your mouth and focus on finding just the right pitch to perform it. Now you can show your friends how well you can say "I JUST WANTED MY CHEEEEESE!"

4. **I found a dead cockroach and now I'm afraid to continue looking.**

I don't think I've ever seen a cockroach in-person. How did this creature die? We associate bugs with disgust, but I prefer to associate bugs with fondness. These little creatures make the world go 'round; aren't they just like me? I picked it up to show Charlie and now he won't talk to me anymore. How gross would it be if I stood in the diag and swallowed this cockroach whole? Would nobody talk to me, or would I finally be accepted to write for the Michigan Daily?

RateYourTradWife.com

By Trey Norbey

Disgruntled_Dave

★★☆☆☆

Me and my wife Brynndynythyn have been on the same page about traditional relationships for the past decade of our marriage. So imagine my shock when, just last night, I had to explain to her that sex (when not performed for the purpose of procreation, obviously) exists to please the man alone. Now, I'm sleeping on the couch when all I did was state a biological fact. Is this normal?????

WendellWifeguy69

★★★★★

I just knew sending my wife Paulanastàcia Fresh & Fit clips every morning would eventually pay off! Now she cooks for me, cleans, does all our laundry, takes care of the kid, and the best part, I'm "in between jobs" right now, so I don't gotta do jack shit! I just play RuneScape and pound White Claws all day!

xXxSigmaStevexXx (NFTs in bio)

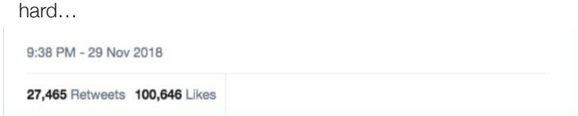
★☆☆☆☆

So, I'm kind of a comedian. My Wife Cherry-Coloured Funk knows this about me, but all of a sudden I'm the bad guy for slapping her ass and calling her my "bitch" at her company party? It was a joke!!! I tried to calm her down at home by reminding her that women shouldn't have jobs anyway, but that didn't work at all and now she's staying at her mom's! Any tips?

Struggles of the Rich

By PingYu Hsu

Man, being rich ain't all that; in fact, it kinda sucks. I always have to worry about which of my many cars my chauffeur has to drive today, because I can't even imagine how embarrassing it would be if somebody saw me in the same car multiple times a week; it's like if I wore the same shirt two days in a row! Seeing as I have the biggest house of anyone I know, I'm always the one hosting the parties. Like, sure, I don't actually have to clean up anything since I have personal cleaners, but it's still annoying having to wake up to the sound of the vacuum. Don't even get me started on finding a good cook every day! Do you understand how far ahead of time I need to schedule to get these chefs flown in from their respective countries just so I can get a taste of the real deal? I could just fly there myself, but I hate flying in my private jet. What am I supposed to do with all that time in the air? And sure, I could hire local chefs, but god forbid they cook something without "putting a twist on it." Why is my life so hard…



Highbrow Taste FOR DUMMIES

By Luke Homans

Beloved Reader,

As I'm sure you already know, seeing as you're currently amidst the pages of this magazine, the Gargoyle prides itself on cutting edge, state-of-the-art journalism. The type of stuff that really cuts deep, digs into the nitty gritty. Such writerly prowess is virtually unrivaled, dare I say, throughout all of human history. This commitment to such impeccability has garnered the magazine an audience around the world, one comprised primarily of incredibly successful, sexy, genius polyglots (and the like). The problem with this is, of course, that we, the people behind the magnificent print media you hold in your hands, are just a bunch of average folks. You got us; the secret is out. Many of us are from a God-forsaken place (Middle America), and this is our fleeting moment to shine—one shot to try desperately to live up to the star-studded reputation of our alumni and reader bases.

So, I'm sure you're now wondering, *what gives these Joe Schmoes any authority on what constitutes high culture?*

Well, allow me to share some tricks of the trade. The number one thing you need in order to be a member of the intelligentsia is a completely irrational and entirely unearned confidence. Fortunately, I have this in droves, so explaining our expertise should be a piece of cake.

Now, writing absolutely and with great conviction, my experience as an individual from the Midwestern United States will act as the inalterable reality of what being high-class truly means.

I, for one, have seen just about all the world there is to see. I've been as far east as Pennsylvania and as far west as Wyoming. There is nothing better beyond the far reaches of my travels. As I understand it, there's the ocean (gross, scary, full of bugs and trash) and some other countries beyond that. It was drilled into me at a very young age that America is the greatest nation on Earth, which I believe with all of my heart. Our sprawling, vehicle-dependent cities in between miles and miles of endless farmland are architectural marvels that would have made Da Vinci give up painting the Sistine Chapel because it could never compare to our modern superiority. Middle America, in comparison to the great architectural and artistic works of yore, is distinctly high-class. As for the aforementioned ocean and its creepy crawly bugs, they can all go to hell. And you can tell 'em I said that. Lobster? Dumb. Never had it, never will. Crab? What, like pubic lice? No thanks. Shrimp? Shrimps is bugs. I'd get that tattooed on my body. Shellfish of any kind? Self explanatory.

Seafood and leaving the country are for poor people: the barbarians of our modern world. The number one thing I've learned in my four years at this esteemed educational institution is that the ocean is stupid and I have no desire to ever see it. Also, immersing yourself in other cultures or the arts of any kind is for losers and weak minded people, like English majors.

See? Was that so hard?

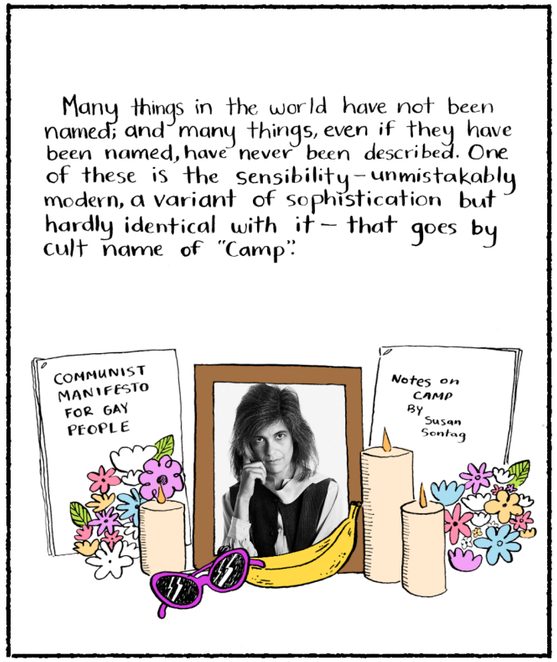
My commitment to the sheer infallibility of my own lived experience as an indicator of my scholarship of high culture is exactly the tool required to speak with authority on said topic. Feel free to use this simple trick in your own life as well. As long as you cannot be told otherwise, you can believe anything.

It's like they say: ignorance is the shit.

By Mia Lambert

The Vances

By Olivia Humphrey and Sam Baumgardner


Many things in the world have not been named; and many things, even if they have been named, have never been described. One of these is the sensibility—unmistakably modern, a variant of sophistication but hardly identical with it—that goes by cult name of "Camp".
COMMUNIST MANIFESTO FOR GAY PEOPLE
Notes on CAMP By Susan Sontag

By Georgie Correa

Yankee Doodle Undercover Detective

By Jacqueline Brace

The super-secret undercover detective shuffled along his daily beat, pushing his trinket-laden walker in front of him. He made an effort to make it look as though he needed its support to keep plodding one foot in front of the other despite being fully capable of walking all by himself. Though there were no other pedestrians trekking alongside the bustling business spur, one can never be too careful about protecting their cover story. This particular detective committed himself wholeheartedly to his role as Yankee Doodle, the wandering, nutty old coot. He sported a striped blue button down half-tucked into green plaid pajama pants with a pen he'd borrowed from the bank clipped into his breast pocket. The bucket hat settled atop his grey, balding head boasted samples of local foliage, feathers, dried pasta, and an impressive collection of pins he'd found discarded along his pavement stage. Yes, he had crafted the perfect cover for his very important, very real mission.

Yankee Doodle stopped dead in his tracks as a resounding rumble rocked his eardrums. He'd forgotten to eat breakfast. With a patient hum, he leaned over his walker and pushed aside his gilly suit to get into his food stash. From the plastic Meijer bags containing his grub flew an onslaught of moths followed by a family of miniature raccoons. Yankee Doodle shooed a moth from his voluptuous eyebrow and peered into the grocery-bag-turned-zoo, finding it empty save for a single grub.

"Drat," he muttered to himself, "they didn't resupply my rations." He shook his head and popped the lone grub in his mouth. "I guess I'll have to do a little grocery shopping," he surmised around a mouthful of bug guts. Casting a contemplative glance at his surroundings, he locked eyes with the stately white bank across the street.

"I suppose I'll go get some cash out and pay ol' Meijers a visit." Yankee Doodle stuffed his empty food bag under his lucky bowling pin and descended the grassy hill to the road. He took a long look both ways and, seeing an adequate number of vehicles, stepped onto the pavement. Every step elicited a symphony of blaring horns that he alone conducted. He reveled in the organic medley of brakes screeching and cars honking as they swerved around him, accompanied by the occupants' astoundingly disrespectful shouts calling attention to his age, sexual history, and intelligence. All too soon, his worn loafers met the grass past the curb, bringing the concert to an end.

Rather than using the front door, he took his time trudging around the building, surveying for suspicious characters. Banks are obvious hot spots for deplorable dealings.

When he reached the corner of the building, he paused. Behind some tasteful topiary stood a man clad in a neat suit, phone clamped to his ear.

"... We'll have to get in the vault..." the man murmured. Yankee Doodle perked up. Clearly this was a robbery in progress. It was the oldest trick in the book; dress well and no one will suspect you for the criminal that you are. It was a philosophy very similar to his own; he silently applauded the man for his intellect, despite being a filthy criminal.

Yankee Doodle reached into his walker and pulled out his standard issue GLOCK 22. He deftly checked that the magazine was loaded and turned off the safety. Finally, he held his weapon in front of him and whipped around the corner.

"Police, hands in the air!" he shouted. He loved saying that. The man in the suit started, dropping his phone and cupping his bald head with shaky hands.

"Whoa, hey—" Yankee Doodle aimed for the man's calf and pulled the trigger. He collapsed in a swearing heap.

"You are hereby under arrest for attempted robbery. You have the right to remain silent." The man didn't seem to care about his rights.

"Robbery? I work here!" he sputtered. Blood spurted from between his fingers. Yankee Doodle took in his prone form with a wry grin.

"Sure you do, that's what they all say." The detective pocketed his glock. The bald man gazed up at him in awestruck confusion.

"You... you're crazy! I'm calling the cops." He fumbled for his phone, smearing sticky leg juice all over his cracked screen. Yankee Doodle drew himself up to his full height of 5 feet and 6 inches.

"I am the cops," he crowed proudly, flashing the badge he'd fashioned from a multiplication flashcard, a firefighter badge sticker and some dull crayons. With that, Yankee Doodle waltzed away, whistling his signature tune over the criminal's indignant cries. This city had no idea the things their benevolent unsung hero did for them.

TOURIST TRAPPINGS

By Charlie Splete

Greetings fellow RoadTrippers, Mac Asphalt here from Roadside Nation. As the sky gets clearer and the weather gets warmer, it can only mean that tourist trap season is right around the corner! I've got four must-see and money-sucking attractions geared towards everyone, from the most adventurous nomad to the plain and average Joe. Happy trails!

1. Clark's House, Huron, SD

If you're ever on the way through the more southerly of the Dakotas, then you've got to stop by my man Clark's house. I helped him resurface his deck last summer and he let me use his badass fire pit to roast 'mallows for the kids. If you ask nicely enough, he'll give you some beef jerky that he's been dehydrating. That's good car snacking right there!

2. Largest Accumulation of Crud on a Ceiling, Philadelphia, PA

Smoking bars are few and far between in today's polite society, but the dives in Philly are still home to layers of crud on their ceilings from years of carcinogenic residue! I may be more of a dip man myself, but nothing beats a good stogie while shooting billiards with the family and befouling every fiber of our clothing with secondhand smoke.

3. The Lost City of Atlantis, Bermuda Triangle

This one might be a little *mainstream* nowaday, but shoot, if Atlantis isn't a good time! They've got fancy columns and buildings for the architecture buffs, and SeaHorse Express rentals offer a discount if you use the code BIGMACTRIPPING at the checkout. Look out for those mermen though, I've been scammed on one too many "antique tridents."

4. 420 Maynard St., Ann Arbor, MI

Set in a bustling college town, folks, this place has it all. They've got newspapers, yearbooks, magazines, and even outrageous comedy publications! If you're a big fan of paper, then 420 Maynard is a must. Personally, I never learned how to read, but to each their own!

A Discerning Appraisal of Nourishments at the Service Station

By Xolo Hernandez-Herrera

As one navigates life on the open road, one must sustain themselves and loved ones with the most nutritious and highest quality food one can enjoy. We now have dedicated hubs where you can both refill your engine as well as your locomotive's simultaneously... petrol emporiums, or as the common population refers to them, gas stations! WIth so many options available, one does get overwhelmed and may need help choosing what to spend their trifling sums of currency on. I have seized the opportunity to try three of these products and give my honest opinion!

Taquitos

From the mix of creamy yet strangely solid Monterey Jack cheese and moist, exceedingly processed (not wholly certain whether it is) chicken to a flavor inspired by the south (Once more, I find myself rather uncertain regarding the exact southern latitude, perchance Oklahoma?), these corn tortillas filled with what one could only hope is FDA regulated meat byproduct rendered my tummy exceedingly content! These delicacies are particularly exquisite when their flavor evokes the sensation of having been gently dropped on the floor and left to acquire a bronze in the warm embrace of the roller grill to "eliminate any lethal bacteria." Overall: **7/10**

Egg Salad Sandwich

It appears as though the sandwich and my stomach engaged in a delightful soirée within my being! Highly recommended! Overall: **8/10**

Edit: it has now been three days i have lost sensation in my left arm and lower jaw and can now perceive ethereal pitches only the divine might comprehend i implore you refrain from eating such monstrosity i beg. Overall: **1/10**

Hot Dog

There exists no culinary delight that embodies the patriotic hues of red, white, and blue whilst traversing the majestic paths and routes built in this great nation such as the humble hot dog. Layed on the very same roller grill as the aforementioned "Taquitos," these crimson stumps filled with chemicals likely prohibited throughout the majority of Europe pair excellently with its carbohydrate-abundant partner: a concernedly warm and damp bun nestled discreetly beneath the counter. Adorned with delicacies such as cheese and relish, these shall undoubtedly satisfy your quotidian requirement of Red 40. Overall: **9/10**

I do so hope that my output will help select a tasty morsel whilst traversing our great big nation! I've yet to sample some of the other delectable delicacies offered, reminiscent of a delightful creation known as nachos, which feature a delightful cheese in its liquid form at ambient temperature??? Truly, is not the modern era remarkable?!

By Madison Dennis

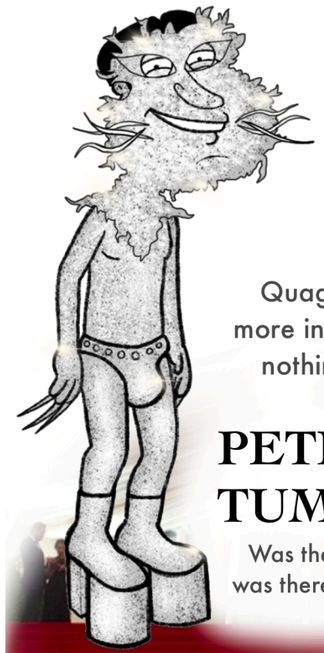
Met Gala LOOKS We Love

STEWIE SERVES CAMP!

Googoo turns gaga as the tiny but mighty fashion diva gives a 16 minute performance showcasing FOUR separate looks.

KEEP READING

To get an exclusive look at how Lois Griffin gives Anna Wintour a run for her money. Plus, a look at Brian Griffin's favorite cocktail.



GIGGITY-MEOW

Quagmire shows us that less is more in this fierce feline flaunt of nothing but glitter, pearls, and bare skin

PETER TAKES A TUMBLE!

Was the giant chicken at the top? Or was there a bottle of Pawtucket Patriot Ale at the bottom?

UMS Donor Review

By Mayee C

****The Russian Ministry of Culture has censored the following.****

Last night, I had the displeasure of attending the Orchestre de Paris concert: a night of Russian classics, or rather, un-classics, as they have completely butchered the Russian spirit of ~~pain and suffering~~ these pieces. The program consisted of a far too short Shostakvich's Symphony No. 9, a completely un-Russian rendition of Rachmaninov's Piano Concert No. 2, and a punchy pitchy performance of Prokofiev's Symphony No. 7.

In the middle of the performance, I started to wonder if NKVD officers were still working as ushers, especially since no one was taken out back during completely inappropriate clapping between movements. I mean, really? Clapping between the 2nd and 3rd movements of the piano concerto? That would have completely ruined the recording of the live performance, although I doubt Joseph Stalin would have appreciated this disgusting modern abomination of a so-called concert. T~~hey would have been sent straight to the Gulag (or a plane like those hockey players).~~

~~Considering the composers' suffering during the composition of these pieces~~, last night's performance lacked the feeling of any kind of struggle, but, given how these Frenchmen are, I don't expect much. Or, perhaps, I was just placed slightly too left of the mezzanine for the amount I've donated.

Regal Jersey Shore

By Trey Norbey and Jamie Simons

Snooki and JGoodnessGracious confront Sir Pauly D and The State of Affairs regarding their recent infidelities.

Snooki: Sir Pauly D, why dost thou possess a strange woman's undergarments in your quarters?

Sir Pauly D: Thy tongue speaks as thou commits no sin, yet thy soul is blackened with the shadows of countless inamorati!

The State of Affairs: 'Tis true! I have witnessed your infidelities firsthand, harlot!

Snooki: Why must thou insist on bringing forth false witness unto our most sacred hearth, disreputable knaves? While thou deign to position yourselves as the innocent lovers scorned, it is thee who were captured on videotape committing shameful extramarital acts of carnal lust not a fortnight prior, both against myself and the most chaste and honorable JGoodnessGracious!

The State of Affairs: This baseless accusation regarding my and my trusted confidant's supposed fraternizing with women of ill repute shall not go unforgotten, madam!

JGoodnessGracious: Dost thou bite your thumb at us, sir?

The State of Affairs: I bite my thumb at thou thusly! [Bites thumb]

JGoodnessGracious: [Throws glove on floor] I demand satisfaction, not only for thy crude and unseemly gesticulation, but thy churlish and dishonorable lack of repentance!

All: [They brawl, most ignobly]

Adam's Guide to Ann Arbor Sandwiches

By Adam Krugel

Treat Yo Self!
- Zingerman's #27 Pat and Dick's honeymooner (with bacon)

Brunch?!?
- Amer's #88 turkey Reuben: it's finger licking good

El Cheapo
- Pizza Bob's (build your own) 💜💜💜 YOUR DELIGHT😍😍😍
- gotta have that gabagool!

Drunken Mistake
- Frita Batidos: the Cuban inspired

Somewher in the middle of it all
- Maize and Blue #86 Sherry's Chicken Cutlet

Honorable Mentions
- Philly original from Mr. Spots
- ~~bodega bros bacon, egg and cheese~~, BO's BAGEL 😳

Cotillian By Sabrina Barnes

The breath that you, mere lowbrow mortal, is merely a 16th as deep as the breath I just took where I clawed, quite frankly fiended, for oxygen in an effort to center myself to prepare to bless your wretchedly pure heart with the tall tale of the highest brow experience of my suburban childhood. To set the scene, I implore you to imagine the scene in Cinderella where Cinderella, in her blue ball gown glistening like a bedazzled net over the sunlit ocean, walks into the ball and everyone turns to her, aghast by her angelic beauty. Next, please imagine the scene in Godzilla where Godzilla ravages Tokyo. At perhaps thirteen years of age, I endured the first-date movie date ruiner double feature of those two cinematic moments. I was the protagonist. Cinderzilla. I am her and she is me I am not the same since. There is an ontological difference between me pre and post Cinderzilla.

I am currently 5'11. Ish. I am 5'11 in the way men are 6'0. It's fine. It's subjectively sexy. This that-one-brunette-barbie/monster-under-your-bed hotness I've got going on here came at a truly existential price. Mommy Long Legs is all fun and games NOW but at the aforementioned fragile and impressionable age of thirteen, when I was 5'7 ish, it was neither fun nor games. It was not fine. My 6th grade history teacher made me stand up in front of our class because I was the same height as King Tut. I was the only option for the absolutely necessary public comparison in my small, very small, graduating class of 32, catholic school. As a visual, among a sea of soft, sleeping baby bunnies I was a Fairchild Republic A-10 'warthog' Thunderbolt II fighter jet.

All this to say, when I was thirteen, I had to attend Fortnightly. A wretched thing where, at the point where their body produces the most sweat and they radiate the most anxiety, teens and tweens like myself were forced to attend regular evening formal events where we forcibly learned proper. slow. dancing. Me being a woman, my first mistake, I had to wear white satin gloves like the mad hatter and dance with boys who I might accidentally step on if not for light and my photoreceptors. As budget Beethoven ricocheted off of metallic molding and the heavily mirrored walls of some retirement home's ballroom, I was berated by bug-eyed boys who seemed genuinely uncomfortable, disconcerted, and confused by my very existence. Despite the horrors, to this day I can box step like a goddamn Elizabethan princess. High brow as fuck, but at what cost?

LATEST EXECUTIVE ORDER TARGETS WEATHER By Megan Okubo

In a controversial move, the White House has issued a new executive order distinguishing good meteorological phenomena from bad ones. The two new classes, termed "sophisticated" and "unrefined," will have no effect whatsoever on the existence, history, or future occurrence of any weather event. However, they will make it easier for high-brow people to know which phenomena to support and which to avoid. Dissenters argue that "sophisticated" and "unrefined" aren't meaningful labels in the context of weather, and that many phenomena could fall between or outside of these categories. Supporters claim that these labels are "meteorological truths" and have "always been this way," despite vehement opposition from scientists of nearly every discipline. Some examples of phenomena that are now legally assigned to each category are listed below.

> **Sophisticated:** Aurora Borealis, sunrises, rainbows, tsunamis, light rain
>
> **Unrefined:** fog, hurricanes, tornados, sunsets, heavy rain

We interviewed several people who enjoy phenomena that are now considered "unrefined." The prevailing sentiment, in the words of one D.C. resident who has asked to remain anonymous, seems to be: "I hope this won't affect my passport application."

Ode to Our Immaculate Creatives

By Luke Homans

In the Gargoyle office, the staff are all smart
And never would deign to laugh at a fart;
They're clever and gorgeous, with deft repartee
A stretch far beyond poop jokes or pee!

It's the best mag in town that has naught a challenger
But great literary knowledge of, like, J.D. Salinger;
The Lighthouse, Ulysses, Of Mice and Men,
Are some of his works they'd rate ten out of ten!

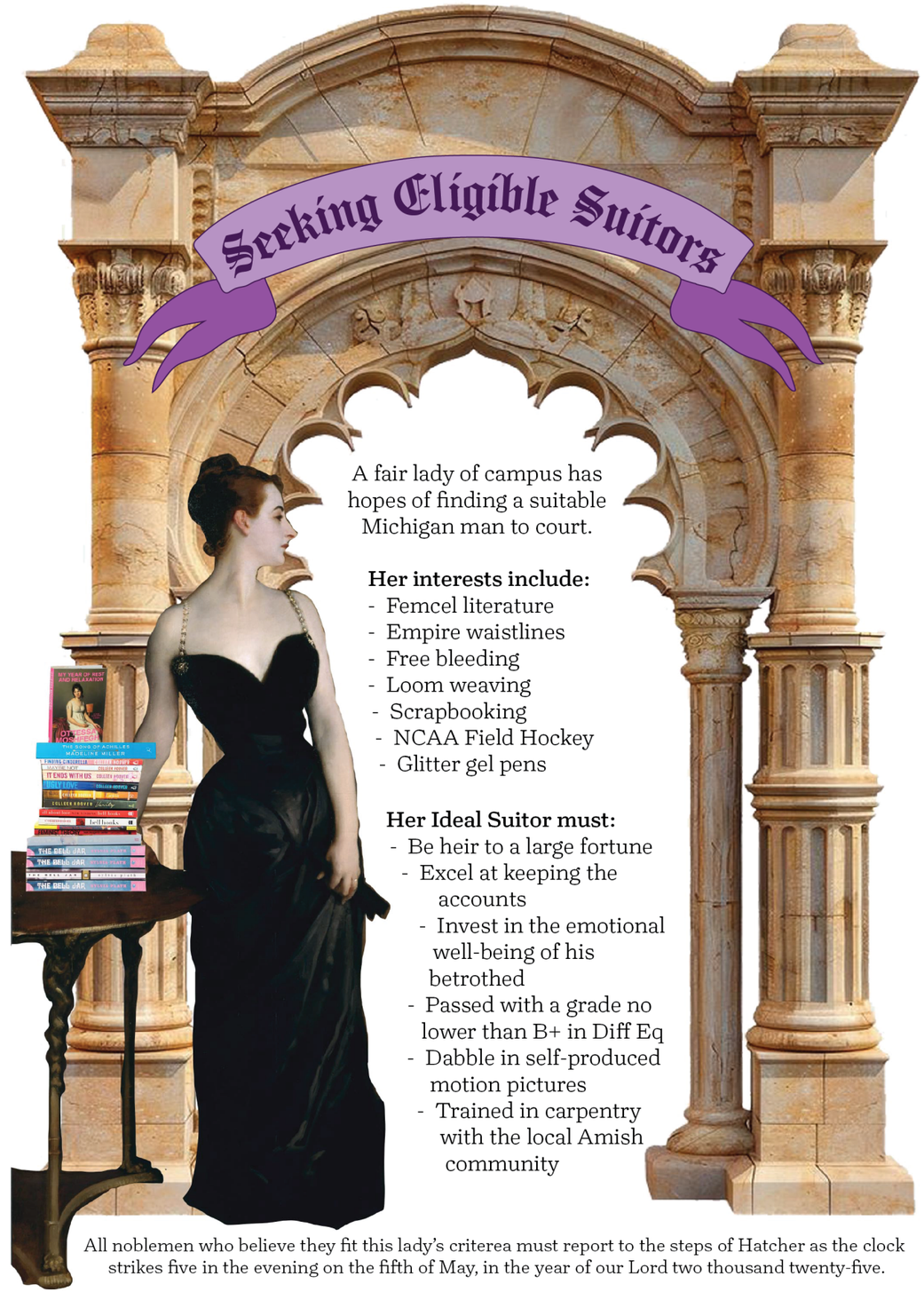
Their tastebuds, as well, are quite sophisticated,
Sampling champagnes, caviars, and posh things, related;
They drive fancy cars, like the Suzuki Esteem,
And would never be caught dead listening to Ween!

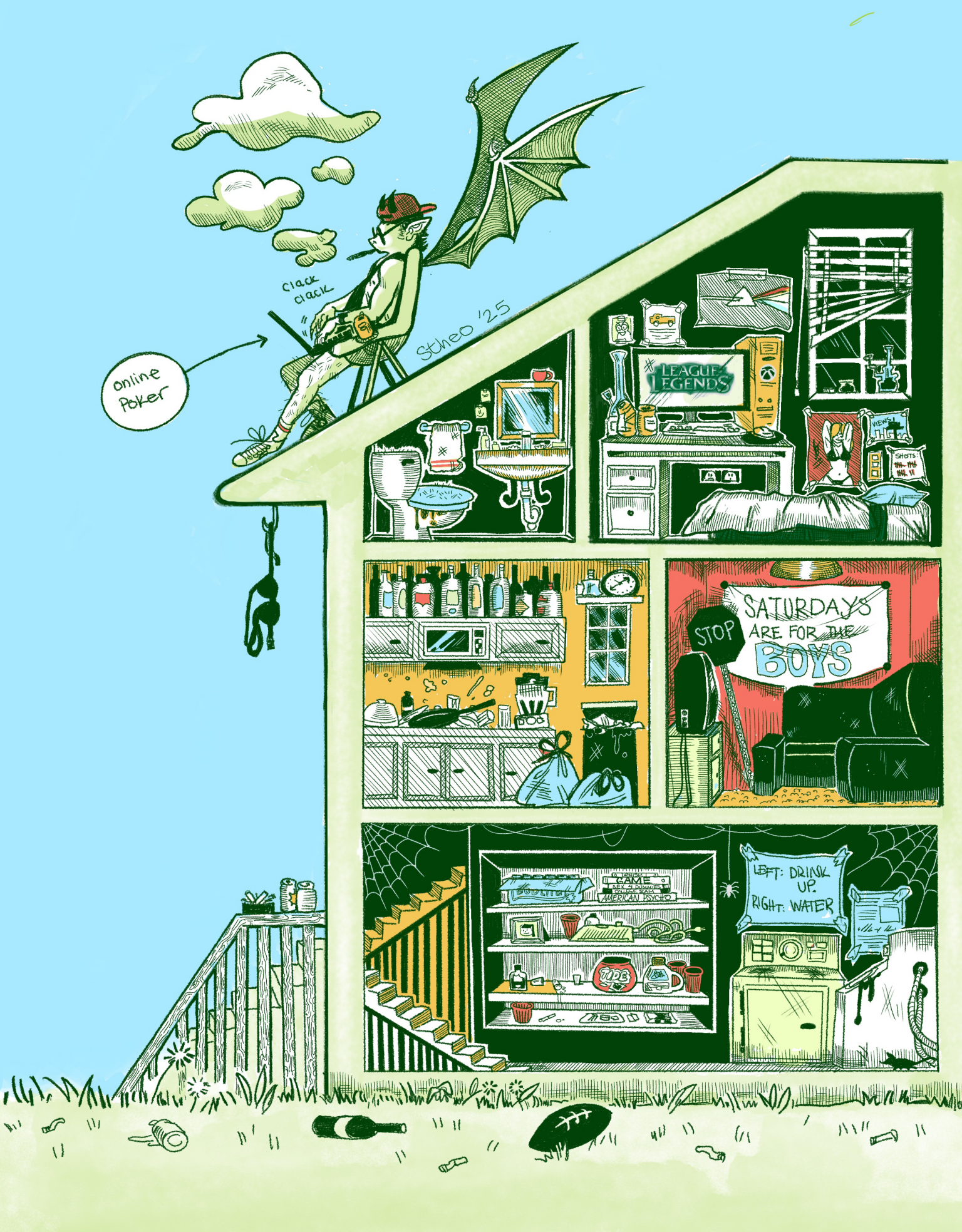
These members, it's been said, are quite highfalutin,
Optin' for smoothies and salads o'er pedestrian gluten;
They'd never drink soda, but'd have a La Croix;
Death is preferable to being called hoi polloi!

Purveyors of wit, fine satire and puns,
They're hot as all hell, so go hide your sons!
Flawless and perfect, the best in the globe,
At joking and gaffing, not to mention wardrobe!

The great minds of our world are contained in these walls:
Academics and heroes, the next Charles de Gaulles!
In the Gargoyle office, the grass is the greenest!

Never mind, I lied; they're all laughin' 'bout penis...


Seeking Eligible Suitors
A fair lady of campus has hopes of finding a suitable Michigan man to court.
Her interests include:
- Femcel literature
- Empire waistlines
- Free bleeding
- Loom weaving
- Scrapbooking
- NCAA Field Hockey
- Glitter gel pens
Her Ideal Suitor must:
- Be heir to a large fortune
- Excel at keeping the accounts
- Invest in the emotional well-being of his betrothed
- Passed with a grade no lower than B+ in Diff Eq
- Dabble in self-produced motion pictures
- Trained in carpentry with the local Amish community
All noblemen who believe they fit this lady's criterea must report to the steps of Hatcher as the clock strikes five in the evening on the fifth of May, in the year of our Lord two thousand twenty-five.


clack clack
online poker
Stheo '25
LEAGUE OF LEGENDS
STOP
SATURDAYS ARE FOR THE BOYS
GAME
AMERICAN PSYCHO
LEFT: DRINK UP.
RIGHT: WATER